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The Abortion

She came across in the hands of paramedics
 who had stuffed her full of packing
 and wore her bright blood in their laps.
 "Light bulb," their report read,
 "self-inflicted." She hissed
 straight past the whispering
 ER doors to us, the OR—
 floor of last resort.

As we unravelled bandages
 she went the color of old wax.
 Stained shards tinkled to the floor
 and clotted to our shoes
 as we tried to keep her
 (so sharded, so small,
 the long ones imbedded in the blooming
 bulb of uterus) and though we worked
 to get her back, she bled out
 on our clean white sheets.

Mitch, who gave the anesthesia,
 pumping sweet air and oblivion,
 helped me wrap the shroud
 and then we dropped our blood-
 drenched scrubs and all constraint
 at the men's room door and together
 in the little shower, we let the water,
 hot as we could stand it,
 wash over us.

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